

THEIR OWN FIREMEN.

Tenants Put Out an Incendiary Fire in East 108th Street.

Pile of Shavings and Hall Carpet Soaked with Turpentine.

Through All the Excitement Groceries Drews Slept Calmly.

A dastardly effort was made to burn the fire-story brick apartment house 172 East One Hundred and Sixth street at 3 o'clock this morning.

Shavings, saturated with turpentine, were put in a carpeted hallway, the carpet was soaked and the stairs set afire. The effort would certainly have been successful and would have doubtless resulted in loss of life to many of the tenants in the place had it not been for the quickness of the firemen.

There had been an exhibition of fireworks in front of the house, and the firemen were called out to put out the fire. The fire was put out by the firemen.

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THE CAT HELD THE FORT.

A Barber Shop Badly Damaged by a Crazy Fellow.

Henry Kollet, who has a barber shop on Ninth avenue, near Sixteenth street, suffered considerable from the antics of a huge black cat, which ran into his shop last Wednesday afternoon.

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THE P.W.L. HAS ANOTHER ROW.

Aunt Louisa Eldridge Denounces Her Accuser.

It Was Charged She Brought an Outsider to a Meeting.

They've been at it again—the serene ladies of the League. They've been lashing themselves into a sort of Kilkenny fury, and now they are all engaged in trying to keep it dark. That being the case, don't, for goodness sake, breathe a word of what follows or there will be another shindy and the mischief to pay. Not very long ago one of the ladies of the League, a very chubby lady, whose name shall not be mentioned, read a paper before the serene members. Without the knowledge of the majority of the ladies, she read a paper, which was a letter for news, which she had written for the League. The paper was asked to be present, and present she was in all her glory. Ignorance was bliss, and the League was ignorant. A few days later, however, the young woman gave unmistakable symptoms of having been present. She wrote rude things about the chubby lecturer, she called her uneducated and illiterate, and wondered why she should dare to instruct young women and girls. The members of the League, who were called "The League," were called "The League," and they were called "The League."

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STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Jane Coombs to Play Juliet and "Bleak House."

John Drew Has Made a Hit in California.

Jane Coombs, an actress who was famous—teen years ago, in going to play Juliet next season at the matinee performance. For the evening bill, she will content herself with "Bleak House." She's looking for an actress who will be willing and able to double the roles of the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" and poor Joe in "Bleak House."

It's worth recounting—it really is, John Drew has captured California, and the San Francisco people and critics have been raving about the young actor, his plays and his company. The State that turned up its fastidious nose at Crane, at Southern, at Lillian Russell, and at the pity of it—at the Keokuk, is at last effete. All is not so worthless in the East after all. Although business has been so bad in "Frisco," Drew has drawn the fashionable hermits from their shells, and has had a series of packed houses. Go up top, Mr. Drew. Give Mr. Drew the cake—or the prize.

By the bye, the announcement that John Drew is going to do "The Bubble Shop," in which Charles Wyndham made such a hit in London, has given rise to a belief that Wyndham is not coming to this country again. The belief is incorrect. Said Charles Frohman yesterday: "Wyndham can't come this season because he has not enough new plays to produce in this country. He would have been glad to keep 'The Bubble Shop' a hit in London, but it's not the play. Henry Arthur Jones, objected. He doesn't want his play to be left for an American production until the season after next. That's when Wyndham will visit this country. The arrangement was entirely tampered with. I told Wyndham that whenever he was ready to come I was ready to tour him. In London he has been depending upon revivals a good deal lately."

A company that did the one-night stands last season visited one town with disastrous results. The theatre was absolutely empty, and as business had been very good the manager was perplexed. He couldn't understand it. The explanation was made. "You see," he was told, "a prominent man died here two days ago and the entire town went to his funeral this afternoon."

Edward E. Rice and his musical Gustave Kewer spends two mornings a week at the Garden Theatre trying voices. Most of them are found guilty of some fault. The theatre was absolutely empty, and as business had been very good the manager was perplexed. He couldn't understand it. The explanation was made. "You see," he was told, "a prominent man died here two days ago and the entire town went to his funeral this afternoon."

Henry Irving positively intends to present "Mme. Sans-Gene" in spite of all rumors to the contrary—for he himself has said it. Here are his remarks on the subject: "I am anxious to produce the play because the character of Sans-Gene will afford a delightful opportunity to Ellen Terry. It will also be interesting for me to enter into the physiological aspect of Napoleon by entering my girl and curtaining my stature, and I have little doubt that a certain regimen, severely practised, will put on the necessary amount of tissue and get me over many difficulties. Believe me, these things shall have my most earnest attention."

Neel Burgess has given up the idea of going out this season, which is very sad. He has also decided not to build a theatre just yet, which is also pathetic. For if there is one thing that New York needs more than another it is a new theatre. "The County Fair" will go on the road without Mr. Burgess. He can afford to rest, at any rate.

The first act of "The Masqueraders," Henry Arthur Jones's new play, calls for a number of "supers" who have to wear evening hunting costumes and look exceedingly gentlemanly. The ordinary "super" would be distinctly embarrassed. Henry Arthur Jones told Charles Frohman a funny story about one of these "supers." "During the rehearsal," said Mr. Jones, "one of the young men came to me and asked if he could be excused for that day. His family were going to meet the Queen, and he couldn't do any work. I said, 'I frequently excuse my extra ladies because they have to attend receptions on Fifth avenue.'"

Oscar Hammerstein is back from Sharon Springs, where he has been taking mud baths. "I let my opera alone," he said. "I couldn't do any work. I was simply stuck in the mud." The manager is now working at a new series of living pictures.

Came sailing into port to-day by the Puget Bluff a number of theatrical people, among them being Daniel Frohman, Miss Katherine Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Litt, E. H. Southern, Sam Southern and Mr. Canby. Mr. Frohman returns to attend to the opening of the Lyceum company at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Aug. 12.

Changes in the Marshall's Office. John H. McCarthy, the newly appointed United States Marshal, will, it is stated, make about a dozen changes in his office. He will announce the names of those affected and new appointees next week.

Spare Pearline, Spoil the Wash! "But use too much than too little." Too much Pearl.

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SHOT BY A BANDIT.

Express Messenger Prevents a Hold-Up in Missouri.